R.D.W.

A.1.1.4 p.51

Boston, March 1, 1847.

My dear Richard:

51 This is the first day of Spring, according to the calendar, but we have plenty of snow in the city, and the sleigh-bells are merrily jingling in all directions. I wish you were here, with Hannah and the children, and all the other Webbs, (the Haughtons and Allens inclusive, of course,) just at this time, to take a sleigh-ride with me, my wife, and six children, in one of our magnificent sleighs, drawn by some dozen horses, more or less. Wouldn't we create a sensation in the city? Wouldn't we "astonish the natyves" in the suburbs? Wouldn't we mount to the top of Bunker Hill, (no great elevation, by the way,) and scour the revolutionary plains of Concord and Lexington, and see how much ice Wenham lake can contain without busting, and drive to Dorchester heights, where Washington marshalled his forces, and finally go whirling down to Lynn, where James N. Buffum resides, and, having taken him with his "facts" on board, finish off by a jaunt along Lynn beach to famous Nahant, — the resort of all who can get to it, and who have any taste for the sublime and beautiful. Or, we might go a few miles further, to my dear native place, Newburyport, where you should all be shown "the house where I was born," the bones of Whitefield, the celebrated preacher, within a few steps of that house, and whatever else the place affords. But the snow will soon be gone, and you are not here, and we shall lose that ride, and I am sorry. Your Daguerreotype likeness is before me, and it gives me great comfort. It is amazingly like you, only it does not talk audibly, and it is idle to ask it to take any thing to eat or drink at my table. I have the ability to talk to it, but what is the use of talking where one gets no response? I would much rather that the original were under my roof, but I place a high value on this imitation. If you were not a truly diffident man, I would tell you that the picture is very much liked by your unseen and personally unknown friends, who visit me from time to time; and all the others in my possession excite a great deal of interest and pleasure.

☞ Edmund Quincy desires me to give you his friendly

Only think of it! More than a third of a year has vanished since I was by your fireside, and pacing up and down the streets of Dublin with you! Pray, don't grow old, if you can help it. I defy your Daguerreotype to do so. "Time writes no wrinkles" on that. The inanimate part, which I have of you, and that is but half of you, is at least secure. Luckily, that monster Time cannot take either of us by the fore-lock, because we are so bald; and therein we have the advantage of him, as he is said to have one, which let us seize as opportunity shall offer. Speaking of portraits, let me tell you that I have spoken to Mrs. Chapman, to have hers taken for you; and she is willing to do so. You shall have it, ere long; and I mean to procure for you, also, one of Wendell Phillips, another of Edmund Quincy, another of Francis Jackson, another of Abby Kelley Foster, &c. There — what do you say to that? This is not to make faces at you, but for you. I do not mean to be denied — that is, outfaced — by any of those whom I have named. It is no light affair — and yet the light has every thing to do with it. James N. Buffum showed me a capital Daguerreotype of himself, intended for you, which I believe he has forwarded. "Hold! enough!" you will exclaim; but where there are so many suggestive *heads*, it is difficult to bring the discourse to a close.

To more serious matters. As you regularly receive the Standard and Liberator, I deem it unnecessary to say much here, in regard to our anti-slavery doings. We realized from the Bazaar about a thousand dollars more than we did last year. This, on the whole, was an increase greater than we had any good reason to expect. Remember that we are the "forlorn hope" of the anti-slavery movement, and that we are in constant collision with all the religious sects and political parties. Our "Disunion" ground terrifies many, and offends more. There is no transcending it for the overthrow of slavery, and to occupy it requires a good deal of nerve. But it is invulnerable, and must ultimately be occupied by all the non-slaveholding States. A very considerable number of petitions, praying for the secession of Massachusetts from the Union, has already been presented to our Legislature, numerously signed by legal voters. This is encouraging; but a revolution so great, and involving such momentous consequences, is not hastily to be wrought out. We must "bide our time," and labour on diligently for the result. There is no other question so universally discussed as that of slavery, and within the last six months a most surprising change in public sentiment has undeniably taken place. The cowardly pro-slavery war which our national administration is waging with Mexico is producing a mighty reaction against the Slave Power, and, out of the slave States, is generally regarded with abhorrence. Mr. Calhoun, who is the Napoleon of slavery, is evidently anticipating a "Waterloo defeat," in due season. You will see his speech in the last number of the Liberator. He does not attempt to hide his fears as to the future. Unless slave States can be added to the Union as fast as free States, his cherished system of diabolism must ultimately be overturned. Mark his language. He is a man who means what he says, and who never blusters. He is no demagogue, but proud, incorrigible, merciless tyrant, though he expresses the hope that he is a kind master! Nicholas of Russia would as complacently express the same hope.

The horrid particulars of the famine in Ireland have made a wide and profound sensation in this country. Contributions are pouring in from every quarter, and the amount of food, money and clothing, that will be contributed, will be very considerable; yet not a fiftieth part that ought to be done. But we must recollect that the idea of human brotherhood is as yet but very imperfectly developed in the world, and that, hitherto, each nation has left other nations to take care of themselves, without being specially concerned for their welfare. Still, enough will be given to save many thousands from starving, and to strengthen the ties of humanity, to the disregard of the selfish feelings of nationality. Boston, I trust, will not be outdone by any other place in the country.

Nantucket, which, eight months ago, was almost wholly destroyed by fire, (property to the amount of £200,000 having been consumed,) in what the apostle calls "the abundance of its poverty," has generously contributed $2200, or nearly £500 to the relief of your famished countrymen. Francis Jackson will transmit to you £250, contributed by our anti-slavery friends, chiefly if not exclusively of the "old organization" stamp; but this is only a very small portion of what will be contributed by others, of the same stamp, whose gifts will be conveyed in various channels, indiscriminately, along with those of other citizens.

And now I have just begun, I must stop. With the most endearing remembrances to Hannah, and the whole circle of beloved ones in Dublin, I remain, with an overflowing heart,

Yours, faithfully, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

☞ Edmund Quincy desires me to give you his friendly salutations, and to make confession of epistolary delinquency on his part. He will send you a good long letter by the next steamer. He has been very busy with his Annual Report.

☞ I am sorry to learn, by a letter from Mary Brady of Sheffield, that dear H. C. Wright was quite ill at her house. I trust his health is again fully restored. Should he happen to be with you, give him my loving regards.

☞ On the 11th of December, my dear Helen presented me with a charming babe, a girl, whom we have named Elizabeth Pease.

Richard D. Webb,
Great Brunswick Street,
Dublin,
Ireland.

3
MR 17
1847
K

AMERICA
LIVERPOOL
MR 16
1847